SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

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From the London Forget Me Not, for 1840

The Benefactress.

BY MRS. C. B. CHANDLEY

Who asks of I remember thee? or speak thy treasured name?
Doth the fond rock forget the stream from whence its greenness came?
Doth the wild lowery flower that springs on some rude, rocky dell,
Forget the first sweet warm smile that on its bosom fell?
Do Israel's exiled sons, when far from Zion's hall away
Forget the high and holy home, where first they learned to pray?
Forget around their temple's wreck, to roam in mute despair,
And not so hallowed as their past a grief than none might share?
Remember thee! Remember thee! though nought a year hath fled
While not the yellow cold and rots the sprouted turf was spread
Yet still doth faithful memory hoist thy graceful form to stone,
And no time breathe the music tone like Memnon's harp of old.
The simple cup that doth'd thy brow as still to Memory dear
Her faithful echoes keep the song that hailed my infant year
The look, from which my lisping tongue was by thy kind taught,
Reflame with all its softened lines illumed with hues of thought
The flowers, the dear familiar flowers, that to thy garden gave
From which our little mother's care was filled, methinks they breathe above
Again the whispering his heads, and ope you hue of rose.
As if some tear of thy love they lingered to disclose.
Twelve years have smile Time's harmonic years had lowed thy beauty lost,
And mingled with the cup of life full many a cup of woe.
But yet, then had not a higher charm than youthful bloom
And hath within the sheltered heart to host another's wound.
Remember thee! Remember thee! though with the blest on high,
Thou hast a memorial of delight unseen by mortal eye.
Come and the voice to bless me in the deep watch of night
When reason of sanctioned mood do make my sleep so light
And when no more pain quails at the midnight's mute
I feel those arms around me thrown, as it were of old
Remember thee! Remember thee! while flows this purple
Till keep the precepts at my heart thy patrons for my
And when with little powers cease and light leaves the
Come hear me at the bar of pain and even me here so

Baltimore Monument

HOW TO GET ON

Ambition! call it honest courage if you please. Earnest desire of bettering oneself in the world—in short of getting on! Is there a man in the world who does not feel this? Is there a man who does not desire it in some measure or other? Is there a man who does not feel it in some measure or other? Is there a man who does not feel it in some measure or other? Is there a man who does not feel

the hot tears fell fast and thick upon the hand he held. "Oh! he will live!" he exclaimed; "surely this cannot be death!"

A smile played for an instant on his wan features. "Send for my wife and my son," he replied.

In a few minutes they entered. Viola had been weeping bitterly. She passed her arm round her husband's neck, and his head was pillowed on her bosom. It was no season to feel any tremor at the presence of Ernest.

"Dearest," said Lord Landsbury, "*he* will be your friend. He will have much to tell you by and by." And for a moment he placed her hand in that of Clifford. "My boy—our sweet child, he will guide and watch over." And as he spoke he kissed the healthy cheek of the little innocent, who had nestled so closely beside him, that-its auburn ringlets almost mingled with his own dark hair.

He was evidently exhausted from the excitement he had undergone. Earnest, meanwhile, had fallen on his knees, and was breathing a fervid prayer.

"You are right," murmured the sufferer, "Clifford, those were the last thoughts but one. Viola, join with him."

With closed eyes he sank back for some minutes, and then, in a low voice, uttered the response to the beautiful service our church has provided. The whispered accents became still lower—the voice faltered—was silent—Viola felt the hand relax its grasp—and dust was all that remained of the high-souled Landsbury!

* * * * *

Toward the close of the following year Viola had again became a wife. And are they happy? Like the buried cities which lay for centuries at the foot of Vesuvius, so, may the glow of early feeling, and the truth of early love, be disentombed from the ashes which circumstance or suffering has, for a few years, cast over them!

Saturday Evening Post.

EDITED BY

G. R. GRAHAM & J. S. DU SOLLE.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1839.

☞ This Paper, under its present editors and proprietors, shall be peculiarly fitted for the *family perusal*. It shall not contain one paragraph, with the spirit of which a father would not wish to stain his daughter's mind. It shall never tell the blush to the cheek of innocence, or furnish material for the growth of a vicious thought.—What this *value* it will ever be drain, and studiously, avoid. Whatever is DEBATABLE in things calculated to injure the healthy action of an honest mind—as creative of exhilarating sentimentality in tendency, and fearfully pernicious in fact.

The President's Message.

In another column will be found this valuable document, which, by dint of indefatigable labor, we succeeded in getting up a few hours after its arrival in this city. The mail furnished us with the pamphlet on the afternoon of Christmas Day, (a most unsuspicious time, as, but for our exertions, our hands would have been absent seeking for amusement,) and the next morning we had it for sale at our desk. We had half a mind to send it to our city subscribers on *Thursday* morning, but we concluded the message was a pretty stale affair, and preferred waiting until to-day, in order to get in fresher news than we could in such a case have been able to supply.

The Holidays.

Here is storm Old Winter upon us, bleak eyed, and hoary with his march, covering all, above and around with his snowy mantle, and pushing his sharp features into the very stove-room. How beauty blushes, at his impudence, and the very urchins, as if to avoid his inquisitive glance, hasten to closet, with their nuts and "goodies," or put their noses into the fire-grate to escape his cold touch. Let him but catch them out, and how he pays them up, for their incivility. How he "ruffles our locks" roses, and loosens their plumes to be wind, while his constant familiar Mr. Jack Frost pinches them by the nose, and twitches the fingers by the ear. He is a merry old blade, and right fond of sport and frolic, and delights in the jingle of the merry sleigh bell, and sweeps along on the blast, whistling as he goes, with the gay we beautiful and young. He is the boy to the life! What cares he, for the price of stocks, for broken banks, and note shaving; his home is on the wind, and he rattles along as blythe and gay over the hovel of the wretched, where the furnaces sigh and pine, as over the festal hall, where bright eyes glisten, and the heart delighted, beats high with hope and happiness. What knows he of care—he goes singing along on the night wind, with his fur robes around him, as gay and happy as if the world was his own. He is no gourmand, military and sad, moaning amid convulsions. He delights in the holidays, when he can ride a race with St. Nicholas from homestop to homestop, leaving favors for the youngsters in the stocking yarn, which has been hoisted to the chimney tops, in eager anticipation of the saint's promised good will. How the old crisp chuckles as he finds distributes his favors and glides from roof to roof, with his fairy team, while the urchins imagine they are dreaming of a world of sugar-plums and candy. He is the first to, in the morning to pay his and we a fair distribution. We hope that you my patrons have not been visited too roughly by the old gentleman, and that their kindly sympathies remain not only unfrozen, but untouched by his icy finger. We have been so unusually good natured for a week or two past, in consequence of the presentation of our friends in remitting that we enjoyed our wine and turkey, with much composure and self satisfaction, on Christmas morning, and now look forward with a true epicurean spirit, to the coming New Year's day, when we shall again lay aside our rigid habits of self denial, and with the hope that our subscribers have already enjoyed a merry Christmas, we shall wish them, in a glass of our best wine, a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Our Two Days' Paper.

Our paper of to-day contains more matter (the Message being in very small type, of an interesting and entertaining nature, than any of our weekly contemporaries. We challenge comparison! We have more Foreign News—more General News—more City News—News for the Farmer—Financial News—Political News—more, in fact—Tales and Poetry—as first rate as Full of Events, and an excellent "Bar" Sketch, besides a "Lecture" and "Juvenile" Department, of more attraction.

We have now in our drawer, thirty new recommendatory notices of our handsome sheet, from our patrons scattering over the Union, which we decline inserting, simply because they are entirely too flattering.

Truly, we could not help boasting for once, and hope our readers will excuse this deviation from our common rule.

The Government Telegraph.

This truly valuable paper, is, we perceive, to be enlarged and improved on the first of January, and we can say for the editor that he well deserves success. His paper is conducted with much ability and with a gentility of tone, which secures the esteem of a wide circle of personal friends, as well as the liberal patronage of the public. The Telegraph has a large circulation in Pennsylvania, Montgomery and Chester counties, and the democratic upswing, and last election, and the resolutions adopted, and last letters, and the resolutions, for farmers, for sailors counsel, in fact, the resolutions, for farmers, for sailors counsel.

It is gratifying to see a contemporary who conducts a paper in a gentlemanly way encouraged in the right, and that among many portentous signs in spite of patronages. We can only say that we hope to see the Telegraph, with ably conducted as large as we own, which is a good testimonial to our friends in receiving

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &C.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1.25 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to *frank* their letters addressed to us. The word "*free*" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes or solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to six copies.

Remittals must always state the Post office *record from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

SETTLING UP.—Subscribers to the SATURDAY EVENING POST who are still in arrears to the 1st of November last, are respectfully, but urgently *solicited* to liquidate their balances as early as possible, that the subscriber may settle up all his accounts before leaving Philadelphia. *Early attention* is particularly requested.

SAMUEL C. ATKINSON,
Late Publisher, 36 Carter's Alley.

dec 7—3m

☞ Subscribers to the Saturday Evening Post will much oblige the present proprietors by paying early attention to the above. We wish to have the books at counts closed by the first of January next ensuing, if possible. We intend to show them what a weekly paper can be made; and therefore should like to start the year completely untrammelled, with any collection of back standing debts. An early and prompt settlement is respectfully requested. tf

Post Offices.

☞ FIVE DOLLARS *in advance* remitted to this office, *free of postage*, will pay for the Saturday Evening Post for *three years*, or for one copy of the Philadelphia Casket and *two* of the Post for one year.

☞ SEVEN DOLLARS, *in advance*, will pay for two copies of the Post, and one of the Casket for one year.

☞ TEN DOLLARS will be received for three copies of the Casket and two of the Post for one year.

☞ TWENTY DOLLARS, *in advance*, will secure six copies of the Post, and six copies of the Casket for one year.

☞ THE PHILADELPHIA CASKET is made up of *entirely original articles*, with each engravings, all highly *colored, fashion*. It will appear in a beautiful and silvery type, entirely different from that of the Post, and will constitute an ornament for the centre table, and an agreeable parlour companion.

☞ Let friends and neighbors, who want entertaining literature cheap, club together, select the best bank note that they can find, and remit it by mail, POSTAGE FREE, to this office. We shall promptly redeem our promises by forwarding the work to their address. tf

Business Notices.

☞ J. R. Newman, Esq. is Agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Philadelphia Casket at Nazareth, Pa, and subscribers at that place or those wishing to subscribe can either call at his residence or paper. Will please put their money into his hands.

☞ Our esteemed friend HENRY READLY will continue to act as Agent for the Post and Casket for Tuftstown and Morrisville, Bucks county, Pa. at which subscribers may safely pay their arrearages. See 28—B.

We announce with much pleasure, A. BUTLERUS, Esq. as a traveling agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Casket. He will accept our thanks if he promptitude in attending to our business in Nashville and its vicinity.

ABNER AUSTIN, Esq. of Union, Maine, is agent for the Post and Casket, in place of J. N. Saunderson, resigned.

ROBIN BUTLER, Esq. has been appointed agent for the Post and Casket, at New London, Ohio, in place of Joshua Brand, Esq. dec 21—B.

☞ INFORMATION Wanted of JAMES MORRIS of the city of Baltimore, who left that city about the 1st of October last.

We would be obliged to ALLEN POSNICK, now a resident at home of the South Western states, if he would inform us where a letter would reach him.

To Correspondents.

H is welcome. THE MONITOR is really a very clever Gentleman.

We have a quantity of other communications on hand which pressed in the message of the President we have not room to notice in this number.

We regret to state, too, that in the bustle and confusion which attended about an alteration in the arrangement of our office, a number of letters have been lost or mislaid. Without correspondents overlook the accident and send us copies? We shall be more careful hereafter.

Mrs. Watson's Benefit.

On Monday night next, this gifted lady takes a benefit at the Philadelphia Museum. As it is her last appearance, we are informed, in the city, every lover of genuine song should make arrangements to be present. A distinguished caterer of the public taste, has secured her services, it is said, for the concerts at the London Opera House, and we presume she will immediately wend her way thither.

We perceive the price of admission to her benefit is fixed at the very low price of twenty five cents. Who will not be there?

Latest from Texas.

An arrival at New Orleans, on the 10th inst. brought papers from Austin to the 11th ult. Col. Karnes and his command were at San Antonio, they had a skirmish with the Comanches on the 2d, and killed ten of their number. Some of the Houston volunteers talk of joining the Federal party in Mexico when their term of enlistment expires. The last accounts from North Mexico state that Col. Rose at the head of 2000 men, is marching on Matamoras, having taken two towns and 300 prisoners. The Federalists proposed to slaughter them. Gore objected, and the whole number then joined the Federal army. The Federalists are rising at Durango, and will join Rose. The intimation of Col. Dunlap, as Minister to the United States, has been rejected by the Senate. The papers approve of the Senate's rejection of the Pierce nominations, and accuse him of being unfit for the office. Corporal Morris has been shot for attempting the life of Capt. Kennymore, of the 1st regiment of infantry. He fell like a soldier. Wm. R. Scott, of Col. Wilson's command, accidentally shot himself. The agricultural prospects of the country are fine spoken of. From all parts we understand that the crops have been abundant this season. On the Brazos, the cotton crop has been remarkably good, and the corn there and on the Red River never yielded more plentifully. Notwithstanding the large amount of corn raised this season, it will be required to support the increased emigration to the country."

Bang Places.

The officers of the Greenwich Hospital receive the salaries specified in the following table. Those who receive the largest pay have few or no duties to perform, and those who do the work of the establishment probably receive very scanty support. We give the rates in our currency:

Governor	$4000	Secretary	$2,222
Lieut. Governor	1,500	Clerk to Secretary	1,556
4 Captains	1,440	Cashier	1,556
8 Lieutenants	2,304	Clerk to Cashier	1,733
8 Chaplains	2,304	Steward	1,222
Physician	1,600	Clerk to Steward	1,733
Assistant Physician	1,778	Clerk of the Cheque	1,222
Surgeon	2,222	Clerk to do	1,133
8 Assistant Surgeons	1,644	Architect	700
Engineer	1,556	Clerk of the Works	1,333
3 Commissioners	9,000	do	1,000
		Total,	$50,750

ARCHERY.—Archery is in great vogue in the towns and villages in the northern part of France. The highest prize is raised that can be procured, near the top of which coarse pieces are fixed, on which are placed *wooden birds*. At the great shooting in Condé in October, M. Fauvers, the victor, besides winning a service of plate of 18 pieces, for having brought down the last bird, was received on his return to St. Armard by the ringing of the bells.

A BRUTAL WRETCH.—Samuel Mitchell, an overseer in Upper Marlborough, Md.) while in the act, a day or two since, of correcting one of the slaves on the plantation, struck him with a bridle, the "bit" of which hit him upon a tender part of the head and caused his death the next day. The jury of inquest held over the dead body returned a verdict of death from a blow inflicted by said Mitchell.

Reported for the Saturday Evening Post

SALES OF STOCKS.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers for the week ending Thursday.

				price sold for	per
914	shs	United States Bank		104⅞	100
1410	do	Girard Bank		53⅛	50
90	do	do	Commercial Bank	54	50
40	do	do	Schuylkill Bank	54	50
50	do	do	Western Bank	53	50
60	do	do	Mechanics' Bank	53[illegible]	50
1	do	do	Far. & Mec. Bank	54[illegible]	50
4	do	do	Philadelphia Bank	99	100
65	do	do	Com. & Ex. Bank, Phila	86[illegible]	100
5	do	do	Commercial Bank	86	100
400	do	do	Phil. Wil. & Bal. RR	83[illegible]	50
5	do	do	Reading RR	9	50
50	do	do	Edward S. Lindsay RR	1654	100
175	do	do	Girard Trust Co	99[illegible]	60
1	do	do	Penn Life & Annuity Co	104	100
14	do	do	Lehigh Coal & Nav. Co.	87	100

MESSAGE

FROM THE

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,

To the Two Houses of Congress, at the commencement of the First Session of the Twenty Sixth Congress.

FELLOW CITIZENS OF THE SENATE,
AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES:

I regret that I cannot, on this occasion, congratulate you that the past year has been one of unalloyed prosperity. The ravages of fire and disease have painfully afflicted otherwise flourishing portions of our country and serious embarrassments yet derange the trade of many of our cities. But, notwithstanding these adverse circumstances, that general prosperity which has been heretofore so bountifully bestowed upon us by the Author of all good, still continues to call for our warmest gratitude. Especially have we reason to rejoice in the exuberant harvests which have lavishly recompensed well directed industry, and given to it that sure reward which is vainly sought in visionary speculations. I can not indeed view, without peculiar satisfaction, the evil influences afforded by the past season of the benefits that spring from the steady devotion of the husbandman to an honorable pursuit. No means of individual comfort or more certain, and on occasions of national prosperity is of rare. Nothing can compensate a people for a dependence upon others for the bread they eat; and that cheerful abundance on which the happiness of every one so much depends, is to be looked for nowhere with such sure reliance as in the industry of the agriculturist and the luxuriance of the earth.

With foreign countries, our relations exhibit the same favorable aspect which was presented in my last annual message, and afford continued proof of the wisdom of the pacific, just, and forbearing policy adopted by the first administration of the Federal Government, and pursued by its successors. The extraordinary powers vested in me by an act of Congress, for the defence of the country in a emergency, considered so far probable as to require but the Executive should possess ample means to meet it, have not been exercised. No change has been intended with no other result than to increase, by the confidence that reposed in me, my obligations to maintain, with religious exactness, the cardinal principles that form our intercourse with other nations. Happily, in pending questions with the great British and of which successive years of authority alone, nothing has occurred to require its exertion; and as it is about to in to the Legislature, I trust that no future necessity on call for its exercise by them, or its delegation to other departments of the Government.

In the settlement of our Northeastern boundary, the opposition promised by Great Britain for a commission of exploration and survey, has been removed, and a order prompt, including also a provision for the certain ing and payment of the limits in dispute, is now before British Government for its consideration. A patsegard to the delicate state of this question and a prop respect for the mutual impatience of the State of Maia, not less than a conviction that the negotiation has ign already protracted longer than is prudent on the part f either Government, have led me to believe that the present favorable moment should on no account be offered to pass without putting the question for ever at rest. I feel confident that the Government of her Britannic Majesty will take the same view of the subject, and I am persuaded it is regarded by the citizens of Maine as a personal call to a generous effort to get rid of a long existing difficulty. Without this effort the controversy will be left to the chances of future settlement. Considering the value which the territory in dispute has acquired in the estimation of both countries, the difficulties which have heretofore prevented a satisfactory adjustment of the question may be expected to increase with the multiplication of their causes. Indeed, the interval of peace which succeeded the general pacification of Europe, was employed by the leading powers of the continent in preparations for those gigantic wars which afterwards shook the world to its centre. Should the interval which has succeeded the general pacification of America be employed in like preparations, the occasion may arise when the opportunity of settlement will be lost, and when the irritation of disappointed hopes may lead to consequences of the most disastrous character. Every consideration of interest and duty, therefore, that commandeers and permanent harmony between the United States and Great Britain, and the maintenance of that harmony by the settlement of every question of difference between them, will be found in the course I have adopted, and which I am happy to believe has been in the performance of its duties.

With the exception of one instance, where an outrage, accompanied by murder was committed on a vessel of the United States, under the Spanish flag, by a boarding party of persons not belonging to the vessel, no collision has occurred between the armed cruisers of the two countries, nothing is known to have occurred to impede or molest the execution of the revenue laws by the people by a large portion of the right of search, and no complaint has been made of any abuse of that right. Our commercial marine, during the period which has elapsed since the exchange of ratifications, has been exempt from search or detention, and the repeated assurances of the Government of Spain that its officers have been instructed to observe the rights secured by treaty to the vessels of the United States, have been fulfilled in a manner which promises that the friendly relations between the two countries will be undisturbed.

With Central America a convention has been concluded for the removal of its former treaty with the United States. This was not ratified before the departure of our late Charge d'affaires from that country, and the copy of it brought to this city has not received before the adjournment of the Senate at the last session. In the mean while the period limited for the exchange of ratifications having expired, I deemed it expedient in consequence of the death of the Charge d'Affaires, to send a new commission to that country, to close the affair in our usual manner there, and to arrange with the Government an extension of the time for the exchange of ratifications.

The commission created by the States which formerly constituted the Republic of Colombia, for adjusting the claims against that Government, has, by a very unexpected construction of the treaty under which it acts, decided that no provision was made for those claims of citizens of the United States which arose from augmented duties imposed upon them by the Government of Colombia in the tribunals in the judicial tribunals. This decision will compel the United States to apply to the several Governments formerly united for redress. With all these—New Granada, Venezuela, and Ecuador—a perfectly good understanding exists, and the representative of each is duly accredited from that country, in the enjoyment of tranquility, is gradually advancing in prosperity under the guidance of its present distinguished President, General Paez. With Ecuador, a liberal commercial convention has been concluded, which will be transmitted to the Senate at an early day.

With the great American empire of Brazil our relations continue unchanged, as does our friendly intercourse with the other governments of South America—the Argentine Republic and the Republics of Uruguay, Chili, Peru, and Bolivia. The dissolution of the Peru-Bolivian Confederation may occasion some temporary inconvenience to our citizens in that quarter, but the obligations on the new governments which have arisen from that confederation remain undischarged, and the justice of that consideration will no doubt be so understood, and it is presumed that no compunction will exist to fulfil those which it contracted with the United States.

The financial operations of the Government during the present year have been happy in the extreme. The difficulties under which the Treasury Department has labored from known defects in the existing laws relative to the safe keeping of the public moneys, which first occurred in 1833, and the modifications thereof, with a view to the protection of merchants on their duty bonds, and of the deposite banks in the payment of public moneys held by them, have been so great as to require the most untiring vigilance on the part of the officers of the Treasury to meet the obligations of the Government with punctuality. Of these the chief portion is not due till next year, and the whole would have been already extinguished could certainty be realized that specified by the existing laws. But the fluctuations of currency, and the derangement of the exchanges, are constantly occurring, and the actual amount of the receipts for any given time can not be safely estimated

THE OLIO.

Variety is the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

Mary Williamson.

Ye pass by Mary Williamson,
As me ye'd never seen—
And can ye hae forgotten, then,
The happy time that's been?
When hairns baith we played oursels
The lee-long summer day,
Till gloamin closed the violet's eye
And hushed the insect's lay.

Ye mind, dear Mary Williamson,
We wandered by you stream,
And culled the fairest flowers there
To be a diadem
While, fondly hanging on my neck,
I'd place it on your brow,
And rose your cheek, and near you sly
"Oh, how I love you now."

Ye mind too, Mary Williamson,
How oft we sought the brae,
To read frae hame the simple tales
That made our hearts nae wae.
I see ensail'd in their, thyny bain
We made our nest at even,
But nary be you've forgotten now
The happy time that's been.

I mind yet, Mary Williamson,
The hour ye left the glen,
When baith our hearts were like to break
That scarce before knew pain.
I think I see your gushing een,
And hear you sobbing out—
Ah! Mary, in my troubles since
That been far less to bear.

I've wandered, Mary Williamson,
Thae mony a land sinayne
But never yet nae met a heart
Wha's strings could thrill to mine
And aft I've wondered, when I roam'd
Along you gowany sea,
If I were still as dear to you
As you were then to me.

I've seen you Mary Williamson,
But, oh, how changed you seem,
Frae that same little happy child,
The scraph o' my dream.
The bloom o' womanhood has placed
Its beauty on your brow—
But, oh, I fear ye cannot say
"Oh, how I love you now."

But ye, sweet Mary Williamson,
Within your bosom be,
Alike a cup o' wretchedness
For you as for me.
I love you aye—I'll bless you aye.
That joy may still be mine
And in my dreams embrace the child,
Who loved me lang, lang syne.

ALMOST PERTINENT PARODY.—Every body, of a certain age, recollects Moore's song of "Will you come to the bower," which was once a great favorite among romantic misses and excitable young gentlemen. The opening couplet is as follows:

"I will come to the bower I have named for you,
And your bed shall be roses, bespangled with dew."

The Liverpool Mercury, in a comment on this couplet, says, that a bed of roses is a figure of speech which is tolerably hackneyed, but it would be any thing but agreeable, nor would the damp dew enhance its attractions. Our own taste would lead us to prefer a bed of dry straw, which would be more agreeable than roses bespangled with dew, as every rose has its thorns. We recollect having seen a parody upon this song, with which we were mightily amused, and which is, in our opinion, a great improvement upon the original. It is as we recollect correctly, supposed to be addressed by a love-sick potter to his sweet heart. The amorous youth, having in his mind Moore's invitation to the bower, thus addressed his mistress—

"I will you come to the bower I have shaded for you,
And your bed shall be rushes, bespeckled with straw."

RATHER ODD MISTAKES.—The story of Frederick the Great's recruit is well known. It was the custom of this monarch to ask a new soldier appearing in his guards three questions. "How old are you?—How long have you been in my service? Are you satisfied with your pay and treatment?" In anticipation of this usual catechism, a young Frenchman, totally ignorant of the German language, was taught by rote proper answers.

The monarch appeared, but happened to transpose the questions.

"How long have you been in my service?"

"Twenty-one years."

His appearance indicated that he was scarcely a year that age, the king, much astonished, said, "How old are you?"

"One year, an't please your majesty."

"What, sirrah!" said the king, enraged at the fellow's answers, "do you take me for a fool or a madman?"

"Both, an't please your majesty."

The monarch was at length explained, and the king laughed heartily—a happy thing for a monarch.

PERFECTION OF OTTERS IN KENTUCKY.—To such perfection they have got otters in Kentucky, that even such a genius has discharged all his obligations, and actually has encouraged us to serve in their places. A customer, after observing this, thought it a good opportunity to help himself. He accordingly went in, secured a loaf of sugar, and was about to make off; but it was "no go," for one of the otters collared him, gave him in charge, and when I left the office, (continues Jonathan) the otters was about to give an evidence.

THE OPINIONATED DR JOHNSON.—Dr Johnson, in his principles of etymology prefixed to his dictionary, asserts, that "h seldom perhaps never, begins any but the first syllable." Shortly after the publication of this learned orthographical dictum, Wilkes sent the doctor this ingenious and amusing badinage:—"The philosopher who made the remark must have been a philosopher, with a choice, thing-ified and comprehensive glottis, and a mind inclusively comprehensive of a."

The Doctor, in reply, begged that Wilkes would not forget this playful attack.

BARNES THOMAS.—Charles Matthews, in his memoirs says: An Irishman at the house of a friend to whom the author of "The Spy" and "The Pioneers" succeeded part of the wood work of a chimney piece on fire, that endangered the whole house. He flushed up to his master and announced the alarming intelligence. Down he rushed with him: a large kettle of boiling water was on the fire. "Well, why don't you put out the fire?" "I can't sure!"—"Why you fool! use the water upon it." "Sure, its hot water, sir!"—Ibid.

SECRET SOCIETY.—A celebrated society, under the name, party, political and party conduct, existed in Dublin in 1711. John Philpot Curran, the first Prior of the order, supplied the brotherhood with a hymn awaking them to circumspection and mortification, in this way

"At bedtime to rouse till you're remarked
While sober be wise and discreet
And humble your hearts to fasting
As well as you're wanting to eat."

HOME CHARACTER OF MARRIAGE.—Florence Hall, speaking still of the marriage of a political opponent, exclaimed, "I am very glad to hear it." Then suddenly added, with a feeling of compassionate forgiveness, "and yet I don't see why I should, poor fellow, for he never did me much harm."

INSTINCT VERSUS REASON.—A young man, walking alone, was questioned by the philosopher Crates, what occupied him? He replied, "I am speaking with myself." "Take care," said Crates, "that you do not talk with a bad man."

THE TEARS OF YOUTH.—Tears do not dwell long upon the cheeks of youth. Rain drops scarcely touch the bud ready on the bosom of the nascent flower, and breaks down that one only which hath lived its day.

VERY OBLIGING INDEED.—Copy of a trades-man's letter to a debtor, "Sir, if you will favor me with the amount of my bill, you will oblige me, and I must oblige you.

Popping the Question.
FROM SOL'S "SIXPENNY."

TIM sat down beside Miss La Creevy, and crossing one leg over the other so that his foot—he had very comely feet, and happened to be wearing the neatest shoes and black silk stockings possible—should come easily within the range of her eye, said in a soothing way:

"Don't cry."

"I must," rejoined Miss La Creevy.

"No don't," said Tim. "Please don't; pray don't."

"I am so happy!" sobbed the little woman.

"Then laugh," said Tim, "do laugh."

What in the world Tim was doing with his arm, it was impossible to conjecture, but he knocked his elbow against that part of the window which was quite on the other side of Miss La Creevy; and it is clear that it could have no business there.

"Do laugh," said Tim, "or I'll cry."

"Why should you cry?" asked Miss La Creevy, smiling.

"Because I'm happy too," said Tim. "We are both happy, and I should like to do as you do."

Surely there never was a man who fidgetted as Tim must have done then, for he knocked the window again—almost in the same place—and Miss La Creevy said she was sure he'd break it.

"I know," said Tim, "that you would be pleased with this scene."

"It was very thoughtful and kind to remember me," returned Miss La Creevy. "Nothing could have delighted me half so much."

Why on earth should Miss La Creevy and Tim Linkinwater have said all this in a whisper? It was no secret. And why should Tim Linkinwater have looked so hard at Miss La Creevy, and why should Miss La Creevy have looked so hard at the ground?

"It's a pleasant thing," said Tim, "to people like us, who have passed all our lives in the world alone, to see young folks that we are fond of, brought together with so many years of happiness before them."

"Ah!" cried the little woman with all her heart, "that it is!"

"Although," pursued Tim—"although it makes one feel quite solitary and cast away—now don't it?"

Miss La Creevy said she did not know. And why should she say she didn't know? Because she must have known whether it did or not.

"It's almost enough to make one feel married after all, isn't it?" said Tim.

"Oh nonsense!" replied Miss La Creevy, laughing. "we are too old."

"Not a bit," said Tim, "we are too old to be single—why shouldn't we both be married instead of sitting through the long winter evenings by our solitary firesides." Why shouldn't we make one fireside of it, and marry each other?"

"Oh Mr. Linkinwater, you're joking!"

"No, no, I'm not. I'm not indeed," said Tim. "I will if you will. Do, my dear."

"It would make people laugh so."

"Let 'em laugh," cried Tim, stoutly, "we have good tempers I know, and we'll laugh too. Why what hearty laughs we have had since we've known each other."

"So we have," cried Miss La Creevy—giving way a little, as Tim thought.

"It has been the happiest time in all my life—at least, away from the counting house and Cherrybie Brothers," said Tim. "Do, my dear. Now say you will."

"No, no, we mustn't think of it," returned Miss La Creevy. "What would the Brothers say?"

"Why, God bless your soul!" cried Tim, energetically, "you don't suppose I should think of such a thing without their knowing it! Why they lent us here on purpose."

"I can never look 'em in the face again!" exclaimed Miss La Creevy, faintly.

"Come," said Tim, "let's be a comfortable couple. We shall live in the old house here, where I have been for four and forty years; we shall go to the old church, where I've been every Sunday morning all through that time; we shall have all my old friends about us—Dick, the archway, the pump, the flower-pots, and Mr Frank's children, and Mr. Nickleby's children, that we seem the grandfather and grand grandmother to. Let's be a comfortable couple, and take care of each other, and if we should get deaf, or lame, or blind, or bed-ridden, how glad we shall be that we have some body we are fond of always to talk to and sit with! Let's be a comfortable couple. Now do, my dear."

Five minutes after this honest and straight-forward speech, little Miss La Creevy and Tim were talking as pleasantly as if they had been married for a score of years, and had never once quarrelled with all the time; and five minutes after that, when Miss La Creevy had bustled out to see if her eyes were red and put her hair to rights, Tim moved with a stately step toward the drawing room examining as he went. "There ain't such another woman in all London—I know there ain't."

Written for the Saturday Evening Post
Analogy.

There's breath in those pure white
Of grass and mossy rock,
That pure yet dazzled white
And leave the tempest cloud,
There's magic upon the sea
When elements is even rest high.
When gathering waters rise
Beneath the sultry sky.
There's glory in the blue
That deepens with the light
Which parts the night as though
The same mute of night.
There's fragrance on the earth
And music in its air,
Unmarked by mid dearth,
And sparkling and the gleams
Of hummingbirds' dress and fair
From realms of other than
From skies of upper air
Unchained by blade and are
There's freedom in the rush
Of varied waters wind
And in the upward gush
Of winged freedoms mind.
There's gladness in the look
That beams upon the eyes
When clouds and sunlight theirs
Upon the earth their hue
There's nectar breath the wine
That fills as bright dew
The waters mist that lave
Each crimson coral grove
But more than all, there's one
Amid the things of earth
Amid all creation's tone
With joy and tone and mirth

Philadelphia Dec. 11th 1828 A.C.

Agreeable Hints.

The following extract from Col Marestaire's "Agreeable Hints," appeared in the Mechanic's Magazine, dated February 3d, 1828. After stating the utility of sleepskin clothing, for persons whose employment renders it necessary that they should be much out of doors, &c. he says:—"I will not conclude without inviting the attention of your readers to a cheap and easy method of preserving their feet from wet, and their heads from wear. I have only had three pair of boots for six years, and will want none for six years to come. The reason is that I treat them in the following manner:—I put a pound of tallow and a pound of resin into a pot on the fire: when melted and mixed, I warm the boots, and apply the hot stuff with a painter's brush, until neither the sole nor the upper leathers will suck in any more. It is to be observed that the boots should immediately take a polish, therefore an ounce of lamp black or an ounce of spirits of turpentine, to which add a teaspoon full of lamp-black. A day of two after the boots have been treated with the tallow and resin, rub over them the wax in turpentine, but not before the fire. Thus the exterior will have a coat of wax slate, and shine like a mirror. Tallow, or any other grease, becomes rancid, and rots the stitching as well as the leather but the resin gives it an antiseptic quality which preserves the whole. Boots or shoes should be so large as to admit of wearing in them cork soles. Cork, is so bad a conductor of heat, that, with it in the heel, the feet are always warm on the coldest stone floor.

PULPIT SKETCHES.—No. IV.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Rev. John Breckenridge, D. D.

Dr. Breckenridge is a divine of no mean celebrity. The son of the friend and counsellor of Jefferson, and a native of Kentucky, he inherits as well the talents of his parent, as the warm, generous feelings of his birth-place. Educated at Princeton, a scholar from choice, and an orator by nature, his course as a divine has been brilliant and noble. For many years he was pastor of a church in Baltimore, and when ill health compelled him to give up his charge, his people sustained an irreparable loss. Subsequently, for some years, as agent for the Presbyterian Education Society, he resided in Philadelphia, and during that residence maintained the long and arduous debate with Bishop Hughes on the Catholic religion. He afterward removed to a professorship at Princeton; and is now again in the field, at the urgant request of the old school Presbyterian Church, as the agent of their foreign mension board. Perhaps no man is better fitted for the task—perhaps no task is so well discharged.

Dr. Breckenridge is tall, light haired, with bold, commanding features. The expression of the eye is *Apostolic*. The whole look, as he rises to speak, is as of one borne down with the majesty of his subject. His voice is low, sweet, and at times in its pathos touching. His exordium is always plain and unadorned; he seems to labor with the crowd of thoughts within him, but when he has stated his subject and begins to elucidate it in detail, the difficulty of speech passes away, and a throng of lofty, pure, impassioned feelings gush from his lips.

There is no rant, no bombast, no forced poetry, no studied gesture, no attempt at effect, but all is one continued stream of holy eloquence, pouring along with the deep majesty of genius. His thoughts when he has once warmed in his theme, seem no longer his own. By the most lofty allusions, by sentiments of the most exalted purity, he stirs up all the nobler feelings of the soul, and rising from one sublimity to another, bears his hearers away with him, until they glow with the same ardor which inspires him. Is he alluding to the Maker, he does it in such majestic strength of language that we shrink back awe-struck, at the being into whose presence he has led us. Like the prophet Isaiah, he seems with the sublimest metaphor—and worlds,—the universe,—creation's self—seem but playthings in the hands of his Almighty. If he descends to earth, it is to touch, with living skill, the gentle emotions of the heart. He wields the feelings with a master's hand. His musical tones, peculiarly fitted to the pathetic, melt the heart. We know, by their very sound that the speaker feels. In every word the heart gushes forth. In the lofty metaphor, the stirring thought, and sublime allusions, he may be a *type* of Paul at Athens, but in the gentle tone, and the touching pathos, he is more like what we would picture the beloved John.

But the chief characteristic of Dr. Breckenridge's eloquence is *sublimity*. We never knew a man who could so make us think "with the divinity that glows within us." He is an orator, he convinces the mind, as well as stirs the soul. He wields every faculty at will. We rank him, unhesitatingly, above every divine we have ever heard. His brother Robert is a keener reasoner, a more biting speaker, and though possessed of some he has not all the lofty fire of the other brother. The one would be the better at the bar, the other *is* the greater in the pulpit. Mr. Barnes is a chaste, scholar-like divine; Dr. Thurnbull is like the "*bon Bandarne*," clear, fine, classic, Dr. Tyng is florid and flowing as a river, Dr Bascom is a shower of morphaed poetry; Mr. Stockton is a picturesque, touching, and often in the heart, but Dr. Breckenridge, calm, dignified, yet burning, seems the nearest type of apostolic eloquence. Some of the former are orators of the intellect and some of the fancy, but the last is the orator of the heart. You admire all of them in their eloquence, but in Dr Breckenridge the man is forgotten in the theme.

No speaker, however, is perfect. Dr B has his faults, but they are trivial, nor will our space allow us to notice them as we should.

The Ruins of Rome.
BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

The ruins of dome! The overthrow or dreary of mighty human power is, of all the objects that can enter the mind, the most afflicting. The whole imagination is at once stirred by the prostration of that round which so many high associations have been collected for so many ages. Beauty seems born but to perish, and its fragility is seen and felt to be inherent in it by a law of its being. But power gives stability, as it were, to human thought, and we forget our own perishable nature in the spectacle of some abiding and enduring greatness. Our own little span of years—our own confined region of space, are lost in the endurance and far spread dominion of some mighty state—and feel as if we partook of its deep and most triumphant strength. When, therefore, a great and ancient empire falls into pieces, or when fragments of it power are heard, in the sad corrections of our souls, how wonderless sublime, after ordinary departing from some noble edifice, we feel as if all the relics of time were built on foundations beneath which the earthquake slept. The same doom seems to be imminent over all the other kingdoms that still stand, and in the midst of such changes, sad decays, and overthrows—or, as we read of them of old—we look, under such emotions on all power as foundationless, and in our wide imagination embrace empires covered only with the mass of their desolation.

Yet such is the pride of human spirit, that it often summons coolly, under the influence of such imagination, strives to hide from itself the utter nothingness of its mightiest works. And when all its glories are vainly crumbling into dust, it creates some imaginary power to overthrow the fabrics of human greatness—and thus attempts to derive a kind of mournful triumph, even in its very fall. Those whom nations have faded away in their vice and vices, rotten at the heart and pithless in all their limbs, now strive not to think of that sad universal decay, but imagine some mighty power sending empires and nothing short the resource of mortal magnificence. Thus Rome and Destiny are said in our imagination to lay our ghosts in low. Thus, even the calm and silent art of oblivion has been thought of as an ever-ingoing power. Time, too, though in mortal sad mess, widely called a shadow, has been clothed with terrific attributes, and the sweep of his scythe has, in imagination, shorn the tawny dominion of cities. Thus the mere sigh in which we expire, has been changed into active power—named all the nations have, with one voice, called our "Death." And while mankind have made, and fallen, and disappeared in the helplessness of their own mortal being, we have still spoken of powers arrayed against them—powers that are in good truth only another name for their own weaknesses. Thus imagination is forever fighting against truth—and even when humbled, her victories are sublime—sometimes, even among saddest ruins of her own immortality.

The Turkish Boatman's Song.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post
Enigma.

I am composed of thirteen letters.

My 7th, 5th, 9th, 9th, 2d, 12th and 13th is the place at which I am now situated.

My 9th, 13th and 12th, is a most useful noun.

My 1st, 11th, 3d, 6th, 2d and 8th, is a place where dogs sleep.

My 12th, 2d, 7th and 1st, is what Webster calls a dupe.

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My 12th, 13th, 5th, 9th, 6th, 12th and 4th, is the creator of the structure of the earth, and of the substances which compose it.

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My whole is the name of a distinguished Colleger in the United States.

An answer to the above is requested.

W. E.

From the Gift for 1829—Philadelphia
The Parcell.

Addressed to a new friend parted

BY MRS. CHARLES LANMAN.

We met as strangers met, and as strangers do we part
Long will thy memory remain in my heart
Kind would not these words to bear beneath more sacred
spirit
As meeting on the pilgrim shore I to thee no end farewell.

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blight
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And each form of the ordinary train [ing that spoke
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The grateful feeling to present them to my mind and thanks
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Thanked for affection's kindest hand, cheered by memory's
light
Endeared those traits and still to bind them [ing
Spirit there dwell
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Hence and
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And though we only meet to part perhaps never thereafter
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Together on onward path, where fate her lines thrown that
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Farewell sweet friend—I speak the word with sad but
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The half-heard music of a part and not with sorrow
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Brooklyn L. I.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT

Answer to S. P. Q. Enigma to last Saturday's paper.

The letter E would answer me
to write in fire, in smoke in sea—
You'll know, I find it in a breeze
Palace, poker, and a sneeze.
You'll find it both in Greece and France
And always left in a chance
It's in the fool—It's in the head—
branch—you'll find it every where
It's always at the end of hate
In every word that is sublime
It is in your pen—it is your state
But once, and only once in rule

PEDRO PAUL.

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SKETCHES OF THE BAR.—No. IV.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

George M. Dallas, Esq.

Mr. Dallas, the recent representative of the United States at the Court of Russia, is a man as celebrated for his urbanity as he is for forensic skill. Few men that have seen him can ever forget that countenance mingling, as it does, sweetness with dignity, and an air of courteousness with one of high command. We never saw one whose appearance and carriage were more noble. He is one of nature's aristocracy. Yet Mr. Dallas is in manners any thing but an exclusive. Calm, urbane, and polished, uniting the ease of a gentleman to the quickness of a lawyer, with sufficient dignity to maintain even in Europe his republican simplicity, fitted alike for the cabinet or the gay saloon, perhaps no man could have been found more fitted to be the representative of a great free people in a foreign and luxurious court.

The practice of Mr. Dallas before his appointment to an embassy was one of the most extensive at the bar. He was also for some time Attorney General; and at an earlier period a Senator of the United States from his native commonwealth.

Mr. Dallas's personal appearance, we have said, is prepossessing. His countenance is mild and open, and his head of thick hair is perfectly white, giving a singularly dignified aspect to the whole face. In form he is tall and well-shaped. His movements are graceful. Few men have the same ease of manner, or a like winning suavity.

The style of Mr. Dallas is elegant and refined. A classic education united to fine natural talents has given him a power of analysis, a force of language, and a chasteness of imagination, which makes him the equal of *the few* and the superior *of the many* at our bar. His elocution is peculiarly good. A rich voice, in its low tones very sweet, and an ease and propriety of gesture distinguish him above the conquers, and give him a power before a jury which others of equal talent want. He is what may be called an effective speaker. At times pathetic, at times sarcastic, at times argumentative, at times reveling in the richness of his fancy, he touches and moves the human heart at will. Much of this, however, is owing to his bearing, his gestures and his voice. Were his speeches written they would rank below others which have not half the effect upon a jury.

Mr. Dallas is one of a small circle of talented men who have long shed a glory around our bar. But from that exclusive circle we shut out the whole herd of noisy, spluttering, pompous and vain-glorious insects of the hour. The Dallases, Sergeants, Ingersolls and Reeds, these high-minded men of intellect, are as different from the little pigmy creatures who surround them, as the eagles on the stormy cliff are from carrion vultures in the valley. They are a curious of glorious spirits, descendents of the noblest men, uniting the present with the past, and flinging a golden halo around the old glories of our bar. All of them too, like their fathers, are men of reaching minds. Long may they live to pour their sunset around us.

We are no friends to hereditary respect. We put every man on his own footing. But those men emits their own virtues to those of their ancestors. To that circle, too, go to make up its worth the Browns, and Chauncys, and Binneys of the day. They make a company of gallant spirits. But there are others whom we would not even place on the same paper with these. These truckling pettifoggers those insensate numbskulls, those whining, snuffling, impudent plunderers under the guise of law, we consign to utter oblivion, or to a little day of mingled notice and contempt.

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Brooklyn L. I.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

The following pertinent lines, which originally appeared in the "Cincinnati Republican," come to us in so clear, delicate and feminine a hand, that we should feel ourself impelled to give them a place even were they in other respects distasteful to us. But as they are in every view quite acceptable, we certainly have no objection to raise; while at the same time we regard with a favorable eye, the native of our fair selecter, in her desire to restore those happy days, when "the girls and beaux together would meet and have most glorious fun."

Once-a-Days.

Alas! how every thing is changed
Since I was sixteen,
When all the girls were homespun frocks
And spoon nice and clean,
With bonnets made of braided straw
That tied beneath the chin,
And shawls laid neatly on the back
And fastened with a pin.

But now a days the Ladies wear
Flowered gloves and feathers bonnets
That take up half a yard of lot
In black bed shape of flutes
And gowns although they fall so low
As such things ought to fall,
They are wants that you might break at two
They are so very small.

I recollect the time when I
Rode father's horse to mill
Across the meadows, rock and field
And up and down the hill:
And when our folks were out at work
As true as I'm a sinner
I jumped upon a horse's back
And carried them their dinner

Dear me! young ladies now a days
Would almost faint away
To think of riding so alone
In wagon, chaise, or sleigh
And as for giving "Jim his meals
Or being "Nan to look
Or how—would spoil their lily hands,
Though they sometimes make cakes

When winter came the maiden's heart
Began to beat and flutter
For then she would take her sweetheart out
Sleigh riding on a cutter
Or if the storm was black and ill,
The cutter and beau together
Would meet and have most glorious fun.
And never mind the weather

But now, indeed it grieves me much
The circumstance to mention
How every kind of young man's heart
And homely intention
He never can ask the girls to ride
But such a one is waged!
And if he see her once a week
Why surely they're engaged

I never thought that I should try
My hand at rustic rhymes
But for the way to reputation
The present case times
For should I preach morality
In common every-day
They'd say 'twas older than the hills
Or common as new clothes

American and English Ladies.

Mr. Murray, in his "Travels in North America,"—a book which may be commended for its candor and good sense—speaks thus of the personal charms of the females of this country

"The difference between the American ladies and their sister ovals in Britain, is more easily seen and felt than expressed in words. All travellers have agreed in extolling the beauty of the former, their chaste outline of feature and delicate grace of expression, while all have lamented the fleeting and transient duration of those charms which they so much admired. Without presuming to decide upon so critical a subject, I have yet seen enough to convince me of the general accuracy of the above remarks. The delicate roundness of American beauty, are a low, pale forehead, a well proportioned eyebrow, a nose more remarkable for the transparency of its nostrils than for its size, a mouth of the most exquisite delicacy, and a chin, features and complexion so admirably disposed as to form the oval of the face, the most perfect of its kind. The cheeks, it appears to me, rarely display all that rich bloom and brilliancy of color and consistence so well as in the full development of bust and figure.

In metaphysics, yet moral and spiritual writings, Mr. Murray thinks the superiority appertains to the English ladies—in history and geography, their equals, but in dancing, drawing, needle-work, and the modern languages, than in letters. He considers the early age at which young ladies enter into company, and divert the young mind from all study, and introduce similar subjects of conversation among that young of girls, who are not destined to go out into the world for some two or three years to come.

Again, he says:

"Young ladies enjoy much greater liberty in America than in England or France; they walk unattended by a servant, and frequently receive visits of gentlemen in the drawing room during the morning. Here, either in the house, or in walking, or in riding, a young lady can enjoy as much of the society of an agreeable friend as she pleases, and no limitations may disturb, without the restraint of the presence of a mother, or any third person. The habit of the gentlemen tends to form this character, which governs most society in America, in the eye of a foreigner, perhaps, with too much freedom. Here, the young lady is left entirely to the guidance of her own discretion, and the gentleman to the influence of honor, which governs his every action. I have spoken of the freedom which a young lady usually enjoys, and which, I believe, appears with a Continental appearance with a Continental audience with the doctrines of Holland. Virtuous men and women are everywhere virtuous, but the circumstances of society in America are more favorable to the cultivation of that virtue, than perhaps, I should not find the sentiment drawn from any other English author, would be liked."

"Young ladies are not taught to be ashamed of being seen to read, and they frequently read aloud to their mothers, or to each other, for the amusement of the family circle. Thus, in the course of a few years, they read a great deal, and read it well. Their voices are generally soft and harmonious, and their pronunciation delightful. How could it be otherwise in such a climate as this? We would gaze for a week, did we not know that the only causes which could be deemed adequate to such a phenomenon are the unsatisfactory one that something in it was unexpected only—for it would be a miracle, almost, for a man to find himself happier in any other circumstances after a change of residence from a country to a city. No, no! The true opinion—the real partiality—for the country—the green, fertile, fragrant country. The cry for the task master and the fatted ox is uttered but the country for the man who loves the fields and leisure, contentment and a cow to milk.

The ancient Romans venerated the plough, and the earliest pursuit both of the Republic and the noblest pursuit of the Republic, in the most flourishing times, was agriculture. Portland Advertiser

Cattle.

The form of animals attracted the attention of an eminent surgeon, Henry Cline, of London.—The following is the substance of the doctrines he laid down:

That the external form is only an indication of the internal structure; that the lungs of animals is the first object to be attended to, as on their size and soundness the health and strength of an animal principally depend; that the external indications of the size of the lungs are the loins and size of the chest, and its breadth in particular that the head should be small, as by this the birth is facilitated as it affords other advantages in feeding, &c. and as it generally indicates that the animal is of a good breed; that the length of the neck should be in proportion to the size of the animal, that it may collect its food with ease, and that the muscles and tendons should be large, by which an animal is rendered fit to travel with great facility. It was formerly the practice to castrate bulls when young, but now it is found that they are more valuable when full grown. A large bone was considered to be a great merit; a fine bone animal always looked great size. It is now known that the strength of an animal does not depend on the bones, but on the muscles; and even the latter are disproportionably large, it indicates in Cline's opinion, an imperfection in the organs of nutrition. Blackstone strongly insists on the advantage of small bones, and the celebrated John Hunter, declared "I would have every gentleman attended with a small bone, and generally attended with a small bone, and generally attended with a small bone, and generally